

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particular in giving the name and date to have the letters and answers plain and distinct.

THE MISSING TEETH.

A lady whose teeth had grown rotten and ached, although plugged with cotton. Had them all drawn. And when they were gone, Some new ones of man's make had gotten.

This lady, one Sabbath day, followed her husband to the dentist. Her thoughts high and low, Till at last she said: "Oh, I wish my teeth I will have allowed."

She grew very sick and got thinner, And went like a penitent sinner. The doctor's words she followed, Wherever they'd lead her.

And think of the moans within her.

At last when she thought she was dying, And the doctors incision were trying, The housemaid rushed in, And said: "Your teeth are in."

She'd found the teeth under the bed lying. Cincinnati Enquirer.

AN ARTIST'S IDYL.

Its Principal Scenes a Canal Boat and a Salon.

A little, round, pink face, half shyly upturned, a head covered with fuzzy rings of bright gold hair, from which the sun-bonnet has fallen back, two plump, dimpled hands, tightly clasping the outspread skirt of a frock half full of daisies and buttercups, two small bare feet firmly planted on the decks of a slowly moving canal-boat. Right above, on the graceful-arched bridge, the objects on which the girl, wondering, blue eyes are fixed—two children, slender, brown-eyed, flower-laden. The hot sun, even now sending its scorching rays vertically down, has kissed the baby's cheeks and darkened the little patrician's with the tints of the conventional gypsy.

The weary mother pines, unrelieved by their driver, enjoying like them the unusual luxury of overhanging trees and shady walk, arms and neck, catching in the dangle of the children's laughter together and with the freemasonry of the time of life, the boy calls out:

"Do you live on that boat always?"

"Yes."

"Do you like it?" "Yes."

"Do you like the flowers?" "Yes."

"What's your name?" "Hedevetta."

Then the moving boat carries her out of reach, and the three little voices unite in "good-bye." The canal-boat "Jennie and Susan," having now a clear, it is old, heavy and dingy, but it rides the dark, unattractive water with an air of ancient respectability. Neither are the mules new to their work and trade, with steps calculated to do the most good with the least labor, they plod doggedly on, looking neither to the right nor left. The steersman takes a keen look ahead, and, seeing a clear, and unobstructed channel, fastens his rudder in place and walks slowly down the deck. About mid-way is a strange piece of lading—a spring cot, with a striped canopy and down pillow, shaded by a striped canopy and flanked by a steamer chair, an artist's easel, a jug of novels, and, on a low table, a pile of seltzer, boxes of tobacco and a half-dozen pipes. The occupant of this tiny den is at this moment sitting on a camp stool busily sketching at his easel.

"Sit down, captain," he says pleasantly to the man who stops to look over his shoulder. "I am just putting down a few little touches to remember that by."

"The children? Well, it was a pretty sight, I kinder wonder if you'd notice it—I don't know as you'd find a much nicer picture than that little girl of ours is most any time."

"Ours?" the young man repeats, half questioningly—proceeding meanwhile to cover the sketch on his easel and then dropping lazily down on the cot, the captain (by courtesy) has taken the chair—and leisurely filling his largest and most deeply colored pipe.

"Have one," he asks, hospitably. "Well, I don't care if I do," the other responds, watching the deft fingers with the slow and quiet interest of his kind.

They form a sharp contrast as they sit together. Captain Jenkins is tall, lean, lank—his complexion straw-colored, also his hair and American beard ("chin whisker")—a deeper shade—but from the faded blue eyes looks out a shrewd and kindly spirit which his passenger has been quick to recognize and appreciate. Egbert Viole is a darling of fortune, having lost father and mother when too young to appreciate loneliness, he has floated lazily, happily through life—winning all hearts by his personal attractiveness, lovable nature and graceful and tactful manners. The two men smoke on in silence, broken only by the soft rattle of the quiet waters against the boat's side. The banks of the canal grow level, and across them pretty country houses appear in the distance and boats are to be seen ahead. A small boy comes up from the tiny cabin wiping his mouth on his sleeve, and takes his place at the rudder. The child plays with her fingers, talking to herself, sometimes singing softly. The young man comes up the stairway and stands shading her eyes with his hands, gazing into the distance. Gathering up her flowers, the child comes slowly to her.

"See, mamma," she says, almost timidly, "see." But she does not touch her in her possession. "Yes," the woman answers absently. "I don't want them—give them to your Jenny or your friend there," and, turning away, she goes down out of sight.

"Pretty little creature," Egbert says gently, "how she brightens life." Captain Jenkins nods his head and draws a long pull at his pipe.

"Yes," he answers slowly, "yes, for every one but her poor mother's story; I have so often guessed at it; what has spoiled her beauty, when it should be its best; why does she almost dislike her pretty baby, what claim have mother and child on you—tell me, now, before our journey ends?"

Captain Jenkins moves a little uneasily; he is visibly embarrassed—as a listener he is unequalled. But how can he turn the tables and recount instead of listening? Egbert comes to his aid.

"When did you first know her?"

"I didn't know her first. I knew Michael, her husband. He was the liveliest young chap I ever put my eyes on; the little one has his yellow hair and his eyes—and so outgoing and manly. He was a carpenter by trade, but things were slack and he wanted to save up and he'd turn his hand to any job. Well, I took him on. He was sending for her—Kathleen—that season. Her dead father and mother were

Irish and she herself was born in County Wicklow, but she had grown up near him in Maine; she had been promised to him since they were boy and girl and she was to come to him when he was ready. He had built a little sort of cabin on the banks of the canal up here, not far from one of the dry docks where he often worked—and when she came, we went to the church in Troy and I saw them married. She was a real Irish beauty then, with her blue eyes and dark brown hair and her pink and white skin. They were the happiest people I ever saw, and sometimes they'd make me go to tea with them. "No, no," she'd whisper, "I don't want to stay and get well-taken me home, Jenky; 'tain't a nice place—I want my home."

Then, the visitors rousing her, she lifts her head and stops walking. The man nods respectfully, but does not disturb her by rising. "Ah, good morning," you want your little girl admitted? What's the matter with her? Katharine? Let me see her? But the child pulls away the little hand with a pettish "No, no." Then, with the sudden inconsistency of childhood, puts out both her arms to Mrs. Eliot, as if the calm face was a magnet. Sitting down on the bench, Mrs. Eliot takes the little one gently in her arms and the girl kneels beside her. Jesseamine bends her head and the child puts a hot hand on her cheek, gravely announcing, "You're pretty." Then, as if recognizing the mother touch of the arms about her, nestles closer, throws back her head and with a long, tired sigh closes the blue eyes, heavy with fever and tears, and while they silently watch falls into a quiet sleep.

"Is that dear little girl yours?" Mrs. Eliot whispers. "My child, not my daughter. Besides me she has only one friend in the world."

"Poor, little darling," Jesseamine murmurs softly. "Mamma, isn't she the sweetest little thing you ever saw?"

An orphan? Mrs. Farnham asks. "Yes, her father was drowned the year before she was born—and her mother had lived on my canal-boat ever since. More than two months ago her mother asked me if I would take care of Hedevetta; she called herself that, she couldn't say Henrietta—if any thing happened to her. I said I would, and she went right to work and fixed up the child's clothes all neat and tidy, and the first dark night she wrapped herself in a shawl and jumped overboard. She couldn't help it, ma'am," he apologizes, answering the look of contempt on Mrs. Farnham's face, "she fought it for years—she got old, and hard and haggard-looking when she should have been young and pretty—just longing for her husband—and at last it got too much for her to stand, and she went to him. If you could have seen how young and happy she looked when we found her—!" Sudden tears of comprehension and sympathy all Mrs. Eliot's eyes, and Jesseamine's hand seeks her lovingly.

"Did Hedevetta grieve much?" "Well, no, she didn't grieve, but she sort of missed the care, I expect. I tried, and so did the woman who did the work for Kathleen, to look after her, but she sat up late nights and ran about everywhere; and even before we laid up this way, so at last I got worried and brought her down here to see if I couldn't cure her up—but no, she won't stay."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Farnham says briskly. "You go and leave her here—that is if there is a vacancy for her—and she will be all right in a few days," but, as if she had heard, the child moans in her sleep and the man shakes his head.

"Mamma," the kneeling girl interposes softly, "may I have her for a little sister? Think of our big, empty house and how delighted Susan will be to see the crib slept in again and the nursery open. If this gentleman will trust her to us won't you take her?"

"Why, Semmy, you must be crazy," Emma Farnham claims; "think what a care and nuisance she would be."

"Nonsense, my dear child, you must be crazy," Mrs. Farnham adds decisively, but the mother hesitates and looks down into the beautiful, soft, upturned brown eyes. Very little that "Mamma" can give this sweet little daughter has been refused. Jesseamine stoops low and her cheek against the hot little head. The child is in her sleep, throws out her arm and then clasps it drowsily about the pretty white neck. "May we take care of her for you, she shall be like our own?" Mrs. Eliot asks, and the faithful friend of old Hedevetta's little takes a long, keen look into both faces, draws a deep breath of pain and huskily answers "yes."

It is Thursday of the Artists' Exhibition week in Philadelphia, and quite a flutter of excitement runs through the gay world at something new to do and see. The academy wears a holiday air, and small groups of pretty girls and attendant squires are constantly disappearing behind its doors. Inside, even the stairs are crowded, for the music is more than ordinarily good, and Jesseamine Eliot is wandering slowly through an inner room, stopping before one picture after another, listening dreamily to the soft strains of music, thoroughly happy, as her lovely face shows. Her mother follows at a little distance talking quietly to an old friend, and in another part of the room Emma Farnham is making the moments fly swiftly for three much amused men. A group of people are just turning from a picture with exclamations of delight, "exquisite! the gem of the collection!" and Jesseamine hears and stops.

It is not a large canvas, but every detail is perfect and so exquisitely painted that it is instinct with life. You can feel the hot sun pouring down upon a light graceful bridge spanning a dark, muddy canal, upon a dingy boat the two sun-kissed children and the bridge, tossing flowers, daisies and buttercups, arms full of them—to a little blue-eyed, gold-haired, barefoot maid below, who stands with dangle sun-bonnet, old-fashioned skirts and eager, up-turned face, glad recipient of their bounty. The old, wide-spreading trees loom behind her, and the mules laden with their wares, and the unbroken, their rolling driver turning to look back. A look of amazed wonder chases the admiration from Jesseamine's face, her lips part—at that moment the rest of the party came up, and from Mrs. Eliot and Emma burst simultaneously the one word "Hedevetta!"

"How very, very strange, and a canal-boat, too—it must be where the catalogue? who painted it?" Emma demands, eagerly; but Jesseamine needs no catalogue. In a corner she has seen, not for the first time, a sketchy name, and—

"Mrs. Eliot, will you permit me to present to you an eminent artist, who is also the son of an old friend? You have not forgotten Mary Wood? This is her son, Egbert Viole, the creator of the charming scene before you." Before Jesseamine can turn or Mrs. Eliot speak a sudden diversion occurs. Across the

ward for kicking, crowing, laughing babies—and are about to leave the building, when, from the waiting-room a man's voice, softened to soothing, and a child's fretful little wail strike the ear of the energetic member of the board of visitors.

She pushes open the door of the admission room. Its only occupants are a man of the so-called "Yankee" type and a little fair child in his arms, flushed with fever, twisting herself fretfully about. Her little hood lies on the floor and the shining golden curls are lying roughened on his sleeve and shoulder. "No, no," she whimpers, "I don't want to stay and get well-taken me home, Jenky; 'tain't a nice place—I want my home."

Then, the visitors rousing her, she lifts her head and stops walking. The man nods respectfully, but does not disturb her by rising. "Ah, good morning," you want your little girl admitted? What's the matter with her? Katharine? Let me see her? But the child pulls away the little hand with a pettish "No, no." Then, with the sudden inconsistency of childhood, puts out both her arms to Mrs. Eliot, as if the calm face was a magnet. Sitting down on the bench, Mrs. Eliot takes the little one gently in her arms and the girl kneels beside her. Jesseamine bends her head and the child puts a hot hand on her cheek, gravely announcing, "You're pretty." Then, as if recognizing the mother touch of the arms about her, nestles closer, throws back her head and with a long, tired sigh closes the blue eyes, heavy with fever and tears, and while they silently watch falls into a quiet sleep.

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"Mamma," she cries, "here's my Mr. Bertie—and this is Mamma; poor Mamma went away, but I say prayers for her every day, and for Jenky too—and Jenky comes to see in our house where Mamma lives, and Jesseamine—my sister—don't you see Jesseamine?"

Does he not see Jesseamine? Jesseamine who stands so calm to outward seeming, who would be fair as the flower whose name she bears, were not cheek, throat and brow all one deep crimson—sees her and knows in one glad instant that his search is ended.

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And Egbert looks at Jesseamine—sweet, shy and blushing, lovelier in her fair, pure maidenhood than even the "Semmy" of his dreams, looks at her—and hears no dissenting word!

[Extract from the Philadelphia Press.]

The event this week in society has been the visit of the artist Egbert Viole, who has won for himself such laurels, both at home and abroad, that it is not surprising that he should be the center of the social circle. He is a young man of about twenty-five, with a fine figure, and a charming smile. He is the son of a well-known artist, and has followed in his father's footsteps. He is now in Philadelphia, where he is exhibiting his work at the Artists' Exhibition. He is a very popular man, and his visit has been a great event in the city.

SMOKERS' WHIMS.

What a Brooklyn Tobaccoist Has to Say About His Wares.

"How can a cigarette firm afford to give away a watch for the return of seventy-five empty packages?" a local tobaccoist was asked by a reporter.

"They can't afford it," was the reply, "but they do it as a means of introducing a certain brand of cigarettes. Many of the watches given away in this manner cost from \$4 to \$6 each, wholesale. The cases are made of silver and nickel. All new cigarettes are good at first. In some brands the tobacco is used, while in others it is the reverse. When first put upon the market a new cigarette is well made and contains the best of tobacco. This continues only until the cigarette is well established, when both the quality of tobacco used and the make become poor. In some instances where cigarettes are sold at big prices the tobacco is the best, but in the cheaper brands the stock becomes poorer and poorer until smokers give up the brand for some other."

"What is the quality of tobacco used in cigarettes?" the reporter asked.

"For this reason. There is little or no profit on new brands of cigarettes. Why? Because the tobacco used is of the best, and more is paid for making new brands of cigarettes than old ones. In recent years, competition in cigarettes has done much to reduce the price. Why less than five years ago all cigarettes sold from 15 to 20 cents a package. Now all brands sell for 10 cents, while in some New York stores the price has even been reduced to 8 and 9 cents. Does it not stand to reason that the tobacco used in the cigarettes which sold at 20 cents a package is much better than that now used in the same brands which sell at 10 cents? Labor is no cheaper now than formerly, yet the price of cigarettes has reduced one-half. Someone must bear the loss. It is not the manufacturer. Who else then can it be, if not the smoker? The latter does not lose in a pecuniary sense, but in the quality of the tobacco used in the cigarettes. To my knowledge there are no less than two hundred brands of cigarettes manufactured. Some brands have long or short lives, according to their quality and names. A pretty name or picture on a wrapper greatly aids in selling certain brands. Many brands contain paper machines, and the smoker is tempted to use the smoking one cigarette, and the packages sold contain a holder for each cigarette. Manufacturers have replaced the pictures about which there was such a howl some time ago, by photographs of prominent actresses dressed, of course, in street costume. Other cigar dealers may not have noticed a decrease, but of late I have heard much of the quality of the cigarettes, where I sold five formerly. Many smokers of cigarettes have given up the habit and taken to cigars."

"Do Brooklynites indulge much in snuff?"

"Artistic snuff taking is one of the lost arts. The habit is dying out. I sell but little snuff. Most of the best snuff is imported from the Southern States. Chewing tobacco? No. I notice no increase in its use, but I suppose Brooklyn has more tobacco chewers now than ten years ago. Many of us were boys then, but have since grown up and have learned to chew."

"Which is more widely used, fine cut or plug?"

"Fine cut, of course. Some old fogies prefer plug, but its use is being superseded by fine cut. In both kinds of tobacco coppers are used. This is injurious to the mouth and teeth. I know many who are never without a chew in their mouths, unless, perhaps, it is when they sleep. Do you know that many Brooklynites who can afford better smoke the cheapest of cigars, because they prefer the flavor of them better than higher priced brands? To some men a strong five cent cigar of the blackest description is preferable to a clear Havana costing five times that sum. Men's tastes change in cigars as often as any thing else. I have a customer who every week or so orders a box of cigars to be made for him out of the blackest tobacco obtainable. Of course, the man has cast iron nerves, but how long he can abuse them I don't know."—Brooklyn Eagle.

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TO A YOUNG WRITER.

Disinterested Advice Which Is Given Cheerfully and Enthusiastically.

Aminadab writes: "How shall I go to work to write for the papers?" Write only on one side of the paper unless, of course, you are writing on both sides of the question. Don't write on the edges of the paper, because paper is too thin. Rolled manuscript rolls too easily off the editor's table, and he can't afford to chase around the room: fold it flat so that the editor can readily see that it is the fattest thing that ever came into the office. Always inclose stamps, and plenty of them, not for the purpose of publishing the stamps, but as an evidence of good faith and friendship—they will always be acceptable and handy. Always have a margin around your pages—often if you leave them all margin it will be better. Write legibly, if you do not write neatly. Begin every sentence with a capital. Although there is nothing else capital in it. Be very particular about your "head" lines, though none of the other lines contain anything like "head."

When you think of it and can do so put a period or some other solid impediment at the end of a sentence to keep it from sliding upon the next one and knocking it clean off the other end of the page. Be sure you have plenty of punctuation points in your article, even if it contains no other points of any kind. Give it plenty of dashes—though the editor will supply a good deal of the dash if it gets into his hands.

After it is finished the proper way would be to go through it and here and there and everywhere scratch out, and continue scratching, until there is nothing left to scratch out any more. The blots in your MS., to be effective, should be of some artistic shape, so you can easily take up your pen and touch up their outlines. An artistic editor hates ugly blotches. Occasionally it might do to use a little grammar, or change your spelling from your old way.

Never sit down to write an article for a paper without a subject, unless you happen to have none handy. Never allow personal feeling to bias you, unless you think the man deserves it, then go on. Never write any thing that you would not be willing to ask for pay and plenty of it. Do not make your articles too long, unless you are where you can get your writing paper cheap. A large pile of manuscript, while it makes the editor's eye glow with the prospect of how much it will fetch him at a cent a pound at the paper mill and help out his weekly paper bill, is apt to be a little more than a burden to the editor. In the editorial rooms last week. A young man, with intellectual hair and elbows intelligently threaded, entered and approached the earthquake editor, bowed formally and asked, confidently:

"Are you the proprietor, sir?"

The editor had just got to where the houses began to totter and walls around the squares and the earth yawned as it was being so rudely awakened from its sleep, when with his right eye following his flying pencil, his left slowly rose around and, becoming stationary, fixed itself on the young man.

"We have already let the contract out for papering this room," he said, as he left the editor's door to keep company with the other one at work.

"Paper this room!" said the young man, with surprise and grease spots all over him.

"Yes, we want no paper-hangers."

"But, sir, I am no paper-hanger."

"Judging from those rolls of wall-paper under your arm I supposed that you were. Excuse me for a moment."

"Wall paper! I beg your pardon, this is a story I have just completed in seven chapters: The Incandescent Muskalonge, or, From French Flats to the St. Clair Flats, by I. M. Flatt."

Then he turned white—except his shirt—and backing towards the door, fairly blazed through his story: "Wall paper! Sir, I would not let you have this story now for double its price. I'll take it to some other office, I shall, sir." Here he tripped and disappeared down stairs, MS. and all.

Yes, Aminadab, the field for young writers is very large, and even though you should find that yours turns out to be the corn field, you can sit down on a pumpkin and remember that these little nibbles of advice were offered as freely as the air that blows or the sweat that flows from your nose. If you are badly in need of any other information do not fail to write, and don't forget the stamp.

—A. W. Bellar, in Detroit Free Press.

[Extract from the Philadelphia Press.]

The event this week in society has been the visit of the artist Egbert Viole, who has won for himself such laurels, both at home and abroad, that it is not surprising that he should be the center of the social circle. He is a young man of about twenty-five, with a fine figure, and a charming smile. He is the son of a well-known artist, and has followed in his father's footsteps. He is now in Philadelphia, where he is exhibiting his work at the Artists' Exhibition. He is a very popular man, and his visit has been a great event in the city.

SMOKERS' WHIMS.

What a Brooklyn Tobaccoist Has to Say About His Wares.

"How can a cigarette firm afford to give away a watch for the return of seventy-five empty packages?" a local tobaccoist was asked by a reporter.

"They can't afford it," was the reply, "but they do it as a means of introducing a certain brand of cigarettes. Many of the watches given away in this manner cost from \$4 to \$6 each, wholesale. The cases are made of silver and nickel. All new cigarettes are good at first. In some brands the tobacco is used, while in others it is the reverse. When first put upon the market a new cigarette is well made and contains the best of tobacco. This continues only until the cigarette is well established, when both the quality of tobacco used and the make become poor. In some instances where cigarettes are sold at big prices the tobacco is the best, but in the cheaper brands the stock becomes poorer and poorer until smokers give up the brand for some other."

"What is the quality of tobacco used in cigarettes?" the reporter asked.

"For this reason. There is little or no profit on new brands of cigarettes. Why? Because the tobacco used is of the best, and more is paid for making new brands of cigarettes than old ones. In recent years, competition in cigarettes has done much to reduce the price. Why less than five years ago all cigarettes sold from 15 to 20 cents a package. Now all brands sell for 10 cents, while in some New York stores the price has even been reduced to 8 and 9 cents. Does it not stand to reason that the tobacco used in the cigarettes which sold at 20 cents a package is much better than that now used in the same brands which sell at 10 cents? Labor is no cheaper now than formerly, yet the price of cigarettes has reduced one-half. Someone must bear the loss. It is not the manufacturer. Who else then can it be, if not the smoker? The latter does not lose in a pecuniary sense, but in the quality of the tobacco used in the cigarettes. To my knowledge there are no less than two hundred brands of cigarettes manufactured. Some brands have long or short lives, according to their quality and names. A pretty name or picture on a wrapper greatly aids in selling certain brands. Many brands contain paper machines, and the smoker is tempted to use the smoking one cigarette, and the packages sold contain a holder for each cigarette. Manufacturers have replaced the pictures about which there was such a howl some time ago, by photographs of prominent actresses dressed, of course, in street costume. Other cigar dealers may not have noticed a decrease, but of late I have heard much of the quality of the cigarettes, where I sold five formerly. Many smokers of cigarettes have given up the habit and taken to cigars."

"Do Brooklynites indulge much in snuff?"

"Artistic snuff taking is one of the lost arts. The habit is dying out. I sell but little snuff. Most of the best snuff is imported from the Southern States. Chewing tobacco? No. I notice no increase in its use, but I suppose Brooklyn has more tobacco chewers now than ten years ago. Many of us were boys then, but have since grown up and have learned to chew."

"Which is more widely used, fine cut or plug?"

"Fine cut, of course. Some old fogies prefer plug, but its use is being superseded by fine cut. In both kinds of tobacco coppers are used. This is injurious to the mouth and teeth. I know many who are never without a chew in their mouths, unless, perhaps, it is when they sleep. Do you know that many Brooklynites who can afford better smoke the cheapest of cigars, because they prefer the flavor of them better than higher priced brands? To some men a strong five cent cigar of the blackest description is preferable to a clear Havana costing five times that sum. Men's tastes change in cigars as often as any thing else. I have a customer who every week or so orders a box of cigars to be made for him out of the blackest tobacco obtainable. Of course, the man has cast iron nerves, but how long he can abuse them I don't know."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—A grandmother in Goldenland, W. T., answered her thirteen-month-old grandchild looking like an infant in a big blue robe in his mouth. The screaming, and then killed the snake, although it is not a dangerous reptile.

THE SOLDIER'S REST.

One of the Most Unique Institutions Brought into Existence by the War.

Among the many institutions which were brought into existence by the war in this city was the Soldier's Rest and Retreat. Many citizens are now entirely ignorant of this institution. Thousands of those who were refreshed therein by food and lodging when on the way to the front have now forgotten even the location. The institution was located near the north end of the Baltimore and Ohio depot, on the line of North Capitol street, between C and D streets, and was established immediately after the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. The building then possessed of as a retreat is still standing, although in a dilapidated condition, and is now used as a store house. It had previously been used by Mr. J. P. Crutchfield as the Mount Vernon cane factory, where mementos from the resting place of the father of his country were prepared for the market. It covered a space of about 40 by 160 feet of ground and was made into a dining hall, where often as many as 500 of the boys in blue took meals standing. At the time it came into existence the city was full of soldiers, many having been stamped from Bull Run. The terms of service of many had expired, while others had just arrived on their way to the front. It was given the name of "Soldier's Rest—Receiving and Forwarding Depot for Troops" by Captain Beckwith, Commissary of Subsistence, who appointed as Superintendent Mr. James H. Seale, now living at No. 9 Sixth street, northeast. Mr. Seale continued during the entire war. A force of cooks and waiters were employed, and in kitchen erected outside the preparations for the meals were made. In these kitchens were the cauldrons for soups, etc., two of a capacity of 140 gallons each, and twenty-five others ranging from 30 to 60 gallons. The bread was at first obtained from the Capital bakery, located in the rooms on the west front of the Capital basement, and afterwards near the observatory.

It was not long before it was found necessary to enlarge the depot, and General (then Colonel) Rucker caused to be erected frame barracks east of the "Rest" from the timber from the old Lincoln inauguration ball building in Judiciary square. Then Captain Ed. M. Camp (afterwards Major) was placed in charge of the depot.

The capacity of this depot was simply wonderful, for on one occasion, with but a few hours' notice, 20,000 men were fed within twenty-four hours, soup, bread, coffee, ham, pork, tongue, beef and hard-tack being on the bill of fare. This was done without any friction whatever, for, as near as possible, 500 were marched in the tables at a time. The serving of meals and lodging soldiers was not all that was done, for the exigencies of the service often required cooked rations to be furnished, and to fill these orders the force had to be augmented often so as to work night and day. It is estimated, from the reports made by Major Camp, that during the four years existence of the depot 20,000,000 meals were served to soldiers during the war.

Sometimes sailors and exchanged prisoners were regaled here, and towards the close of the war when Confederate prisoners were sent here, they were also entertained. Near the end of hostilities a number of Confederates had deserted and come within the Federal lines, and when they reached the "Rest" they were so pleased with their entertainment that they asked the privilege of complimenting the officers under whom the Rest was established. This request was granted, and Major Camp, General Rucker, Secretary Stanton and the President were serenaded by a band made up of deserting musicians.—Washington Star.

[Extract from the Philadelphia Press.]

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THE DOG'S REVENGE.

A Canine Who Suddenly Stopped Talking After He Was Sold.

A solemn man in a Western city, recently entered a restaurant, followed by his dog, seated himself, and called for a bill of fare. It was given him.

"What would you like to have sir?" guffily asked the waiter, flipping the table with his napkin.

The dog meanwhile had climbed upon a chair on the other side of the table, and was gravely regarding his master.

"Well," said the solemn man, reflectively, "gimme some ox-tail soup."

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter's face assumed the color of cold boiled veal.

"Cup o' coffee and plenty of milk," went on the solemn man.

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter shivered and turning, fled to the kitchen.

A man with a squint at an adjoining table was much interested in the scene. He had observed it closely, and finally spoke to the solemn man.

"It must be a fearful lot o' work to teach that dog to talk, mister."

"I was," said the solemn man.

"I should think so," said the dog.

"What 'ud you take for him now?" said the man with a squint.

"Wouldn't sell him," said the solemn man.

"You'd better not," said the dog.

The man with a squint was much impressed. He began making wild offers, and when he reached two hundred dollars the solemn man relented.

"Well," said he, "I can't refuse that. I hate to part with him, but you can have him."

"He'll be sorry for it," said the dog.

The man with the squint drew a check for the amount, which he gave to the solemn man. The man was about leaving when the dog cried again:

"Never mind, I'll get even. I'll never accept again."

He never did.

The gentleman with the squint